

FOND OF HIS PETS

A Letter From Young Marquis
Manfred de Lanza.

DESCRIBING HIS ANIMALS

Tragic Fate of a Squirrel That Fooled
With Firecrackers—A Hairless
Dog Full of Fight.

I am only twelve years of age, and do not often write for publication, although I have written from time to time ever since I was a very little boy. Now that I have learned to use the typewriter and help mamma with her novels I find it easier to write, and gladly comply with your request to tell the story of my pets, and I am sure it will interest your readers, because I have had so many pets, and they are all different from other people's.

The first pet I ever owned was a dog, a beautiful Gordon setter. I called her Lal. After grandpapa's first novel. We were great friends and used to romp in the park together until one day Lal chased a squirrel over one of the flower beds and the policeman on guard told me never to bring a dog in the park again. But Lal caught the squirrel, and when we tried to take it from her she broke away and ran home, where I found her half an hour later licking the poor little animal, which was more dead than alive; but I nursed it carefully and by the end of a week he was quite well again and very friendly with "Lal." It was a flying squirrel and used to tease the poor dog to death, for when "Lal" would chase him upstairs and almost have her paws upon him he would give a spring over "Lal's" head and sail downstairs, never landing until he reached the bottom, and by the time "Lal" had half tumbled downstairs in her haste the squirrel was quietly perched on top of the hat rack.

I did not have my squirrel very long, however, for when the Fourth of July came Dima, my big brother, and I clubbed together and bought about twenty dollars' worth of fireworks. We took them out into the yard and began firing things ready for the evening. "Lal" and the squirrel thought we had come out to play and began running about among the fireworks. We saw the squirrel nibbling at something in the pack and I stepped forward to drive him away, but just then the cannon crackers and fireworks began to go off in every direction. For a moment "Lal" stood ground and barked at a pack of crackers, but when the rockets began to whiz about the yard she sought shelter, and as soon as one of them struck "Lal" she followed us with a yelp. Poor squirrel, we saw him make a desperate leap for safety, but just then a magnificent flowerpot went off and up he went in a blaze of glory, and when all had subsided and we put out the grass that had caught fire we found our little pet huddled up in a corner, every hair singed from his body and the flesh raw and blistered.

We wrapped him up in soft linen rags, but he never recovered from his burns and a few days later he died. Poor little fellow, he was the first to fill a grave in our little graveyard near the back fence.

I missed my pet very much, so mamma bought me a Japanese rabbit, but I did not have time to get very fond of him; he used to chew everything he could and one day he chewed up the book's new boots. Cook was very angry, but the next day she left her old gloves on the floor and the rabbit chewed them up. I think cook put something on the gloves, for a few hours later our rabbit was dead, and when we dug his grave near that of our first pet "Lal" stood by and rubbed her nose against my cheek and whined and whined.

We both felt the need of company, so when some one gave mamma a beautiful white Angora cat we were very happy at first, but the new member of our little household had a very bad temper.



"LAL" AND THE LITTLE MARQUIS.

per, and we could give her no name because she was stone deaf—all white Angora cats are—and to add to this one's peculiarities she had one blue eye and one yellow. Mamma did not like her color, however. She said that anyone could have a white Angora cat, and that she wanted something different from anyone else, so she had the butler dye pussy blue. The first time the dye came out a bright purple and "Lal" and the guinea pigs and an owl we just got were so frightened that they would run and hide when they saw the strange creature coming, but by degrees they got accustomed to it. We had to dye pussy once a week, because every time we gave her a bath she would try to lick the dye off. When dye day came and she saw the butler preparing her bath she would set up a squalling and screaming that sounded all over the house and lasted until the bath was over. But she had to have a bath anyway to kill the dye and I don't think she minded the dye as much as the water.

The happiest day in our menagerie was when pussy had three kittens, perfect little beauties, all snow-white, with different colored eyes and stone deaf. Every morning pussy would be gone about an hour, and when she came back she would bring in her mouth a young chicken. We tried to break her of the habit, and lived in mortal dread that the neighbors would accuse us of being chicken thieves, but nothing would do any good until one day "Lal" took things in hand. She had had a litter of pups, but mamma made me give them all away. On the day that I sent the last one away "Lal" looked all over the house for it and happened to get back

to the kitchen just when pussy was out after her morning chicken. The three little kittens lay in their box comfortably sleeping until "Lal" gave a howl of delight, and taking them up one by one she carried them carefully to her kennel. Of course there was a row when pussy returned, but "Lal" just covered the kittens with her body, and hid her nose in the straw so that pussy could not scratch her, and did nothing. Pussy roamed about for two days, hilling the house with wails, but "Lal" made a good nurse, and the kittens soon grew fond of her, and pussy forgot her woes and slept all day before the kitchen fire, as usual.

One of my early pets was an immense white owl. He had a strong curved beak and great strong talons, with which he would tear his meat to pieces. One day he managed to unbolt the door of his cage and go out. He could not see very well with his great round eyes in the broad daylight, but he dropped over the fence into the next yard. The poor servant girl who tried to catch him for us had her hands and shoulder torn to pieces and ran shrieking into the house. Butler went next door with a pair of thick gloves on his hands, but the owl tore his hands just the same. At last he came back into our yard of his own free will. Pussy flew at him, and in another moment poor pussy was torn to shreds, and before we could do anything she was scattered all over the yard. "Lal" sprang upon the owl with a savage growl, but he soon dashed flying into the house with the



STY.

bird after him. Then cook threw a bag over the owl and we got him back into his cage.

A few days after that the blizzard came, and after it was all over it took us two hours to dig through the snow to the owl's cage, and when we found him he was sitting on his perch grim and stark, a frozen icicle. We took him into the house and tried to thaw him out, but he was dead. A just retribution had overtaken him, and no one was sorry. We made his grave at the other corner of our little cemetery and marked it with but a simple wooden slab.

"Lal" and I were friends to the last, until worn out with old age she lay down by my bedside one night, and in the morning I awoke alone. "Lal" was dead. No stone marks her resting place, but sometimes our tears water the spot where she lies, while another Gordon setter, a child of "Lal" looks on with wistful surprise in his great brown eyes. And now Romeo is almost as dear to us as was his faithful, loving mother.

About two years ago I acquired a very strange pet in a peculiar manner. Butler had lent some money to a sailor who had gone to China. There it is the custom before sailing on a voyage to take one of their peculiar hairless edible dogs aboard for good luck. Butler's friend, who, like all sailors, is superstitious, brought one of these dogs home with him and offered it to Butler in lieu of his debt. Of course, Butler did not want the dog, so I paid the sailor's debt and kept him.

The first thing I did was to name him Gyp and send him to the dog show, where he won first prize for being the ugliest dog ever imported to this country. He is about the size of a rat terrier and has not a hair on his body, which is marked with great pink and gray spots. One of his eyes is gray and the other blue, and altogether he is the most tempered dog I ever knew, but we like him because no one else does. He bites every one—never openly, but crawls up slyly from behind and catches them by the ankle. He bit grandfather this way once and got kicked clear across the room.

When the census taker called mamma forgot that Gyp was in the room until the portfolio of census blanks went flying across the parlor, sending the papers flying in every direction, and the poor census taker gave vent to a terrified yell as he clapped his hand to his ankle. After that Gyp was never allowed in the parlor when visitors called. He is a courageous dog and very jealous. If one of us puts Romeo off at him and, although he is invariably whipped, he will renew the attack the very next time he thinks the occasion demands.

Gyp and Romeo are the only pets I have now, except a goldfish.

I have had many sad experiences, but after all the pleasure of being loved by dumb animals that are always ready for play and never pay back old scores compensates for everything. And as long as I live I hope to have Romeo or one of his descendants so near me that at the sound of my voice I will feel his cold nose pressed against my hand.

Magdalen Vanyay

Plague of Rodents in Scotland.

The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian throws new light on the so-called plague of "mice" in the south of Scotland. It appears that the vermin are not mice, but voles. They are larger than mice, with shorter tails, and are declared to differ from ordinary mice just as much as hares differ from rabbits. They have destroyed or are destroying the vegetation over many square miles of upland pastures in several counties, and are rapidly multiplying. Their presence, such vast numbers, has by some unknown means attracted from the continent a large number of short-eared owls, which were previously unknown in the district. A similar visitation of voles upon a still larger scale took place in the sixteenth century.

SWEET AS CAN BE

Types of American Children of
Foreign Parentage.

GOOD NATURED GERMAN BABY

Coquettish French Infants, Fair Italians,
Spanish Senoritas and Cute
Chinese.

More than half the babies born during the year in the United States are of foreign parentage. But in spite of the fact that they are all members of the glorious republic, the land of the free and the brave, there is never one that does not betray its nationality either in feature, disposition or taste.



GERMAN.

Every fond grandmother or doting parent can point out innumerable and remarkable differences between their own tiny tyrant and every other in existence, their own being undoubtedly the cleverest, brightest and most beautiful baby ever ushered into a cold, unappreciative world. Notwithstanding these unbiased opinions nearly all children of the same race have many traits in common, and are more or less types of their nationality.

German babies are the prettiest in the world—they are so fat, so fair and rosy. They are good natured, easy going little creatures, with blue eyes like forget-me-nots and flaxen hair. In appearance they are healthy, with firm, white flesh. They love music, which is as the air they breathe to them; but their enjoyment is calm and critical, as befits members of a philosophical race. Of German slumber songs there is no end, either to number or variety. Here is one of the most popular:

Sleep, baby, sleep;
Thy father guards the sheep;
Thy mother shakes the dandelion tree
And from it fall sweet dreams for thee.

Just look at this little Teuton, who was born in New York. Is he not a typical German and a lovely baby?



FRENCH.

French babies are lively and vivacious and have not the great rolls of white flesh that are characteristic of babies of German parentage. They are slenderly made and olive skinned, with just the faintest tinge of pink in either cheek. They are not shy—no, not they! But they will hang their heads and try to make you believe so. A French girl baby is a born coquette and is naughty and audacious just to tease. When scolded she tosses her pretty little head with the sweetest air imaginable until laughter brings the intended lecture to an abrupt end, as she intended; for all the while she was watching you with her sharp black eyes that snap with fun.

Under the ordeal of the camera she is as poised as her celebrated countrywoman, Sarah Bernhardt, herself. Raven black is the color of a French baby's hair, with never a "wave" or a "kink" in it—as straight as a string can be. The greatest delight of the small original of this portrait is when her father, whistling a lively operatic air, catches her up and dances her about on her own slim little feet. She is chic and fascinating, and she knows it.

The third picture is that of a baby girl whose ancestry is written in her face. Those dark eyes and that deep rich



SPANISH.

color unmistakably betoken Spanish blood. Unlike her French sister, the senorita has all the proud reserve of her forefathers, and does not approve of the publicity of the photographic studio. The more accident of having been born in the United States has not dispelled the native haughtiness of her race. From under her long black lashes she regards the artist and his assistant with an air of grand and lofty disapproval. Why should she, the descendant of proud hidalgos, be thus rudely exposed to the public gaze? And when the photographer dares to lay his scorching hand upon her to change the pose, she raises her voice in amazed bewilderment at the indignity. Spanish babies are usually very shy and do not easily make friends. They are extraordinarily reticent for children and never indulge in the wild flow of chatter to which French babies are addicted.

At nightfall their dark eyed mothers hush them to sleep with lullabies from old Spain:

The moon shines bright
And the snake darts swift and light,
I see five baby bullets
And a calf both young and white.

Italian babies look out upon the world with an air of deep solemnity. Rarely are they pretty, for though their features are regular they are generally a little too large for beauty. In manner they are calm and almost stately in their own comical little way. They seem rather overpowered by the responsibility of being descendants of the ancient Romans. Soft, melting brown eyes with an expression of melancholy are one of their greatest attractions.

The very young lady of the fourth portrait is that rare avis, a fair Italian with golden hair, and the pallor and purity of a marble statue. An even, gentle smile crosses her face as she waits for the artist to uncover the camera which he has deceitfully told her is full of "little birds" and various other curious things. Though her father and mother are Italian her solemnity is not as unrelieved as that of most Roman babies; perhaps the fact that she is a free born American citizen has modified somewhat the severity of her gravity. Her favorite edible is macaroni boiled in milk and flavored with onions.



ITALIAN.

Gentle, docile and shy, with a manner half timid, half confiding, Chinese babies are most attractive. A group of these children in their gay colored silk costumes lend a picturesque touch to the curious, dirty, narrow streets of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco.

The Chinese are very proud of their children and dress them very handsomely. When the baby is a month old the father gives a dinner to all his friends at one of the many native restaurants and the child receives its first name. If it is a young Chinaman, when it is old enough to go to school it will be given another—"Promising Advancement," "Rising Student," or some such ambitious reference to the progress it is hoped he will make. A Chinawoman has only one name until she is married, when she receives another.

Children though petted and indulged are never spoiled by Chinese parents, strict obedience being exacted from them. The Chinese baby in this portrait is always very well dressed. He wears a pair of pale green trousers, with a deep yellow band at the foot. His coat is of quilted magenta satin, and around his neck is suspended an amulet bag containing charms against evil spirits. He is fond of playing in a rather grave and serious way, but one of his



CHINESE.

greatest pleasures is to trot by his father's side through the streets as he goes from shop to shop peddling small commodities. He babbles in a mixture of Chinese and English and tries to walk by himself, tottering across the sidewalk almost under the feet of the other Chinese pedestrians, who carefully step out of his way. It is very pleasant to see how gentle and kind the men are to these little ones, playing with them and fondling them most affectionately.

Here is a song with which Chinese mothers sing their babies to sleep. Perhaps "sing" is not quite the right term to apply to extraordinary high falsetto admired by the Celestials, though it cannot be denied that to ears accustomed to it it seems to have a soothing effect:

Snail, snail, come out and be fed;
Put out your horns and then your head,
And thy manner will give thee mutton.
For thou art doubly dear to me.

These children are all American citizens, and later on cast a vote. They will be better men than their fathers, and their children, in turn, better than they, for each generation will have greater advantages than the preceding. All the babies mentioned here, though born of alien parents and types of their various nationalities, in reality form a large proportion of the rising generation of America.

HELEN E. GREGORY-FLEISHER, M. A.

One on the Court.

The judge of a court was not thoroughly posted on the case before him, but he was one of those men you have probably heard of, who thinks he knows it all. "You are charged with horse stealing," he said loftily to the prisoner; "are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, your honor," responded the prisoner.

The court looked surprised. "Do you mean to say the animal you rode into town on today, and which was identified by a half dozen citizens, was yours?"

"No, your honor."

"Well, sir, did you buy it?"

"No, your honor."

"Then the owner present it to you as a token of esteem?" and the judge smiled sarcastically.

"No, your honor," and the prisoner smiled a little himself.

"Didn't you voluntarily enter the sto-

ble of the owner of the animal, where it was kept, in the dead of night and remove it forcibly without his consent or knowledge?"

"Yes, your honor, more or less," replied the prisoner boldly.

"Well, don't you call that horse stealing?"

"No, your honor."

"And why not, pray?" and the judge was more sarcastic than ever.

"Because it was a mule, your honor," and the prisoner grinned at his own joke to the extent of a ten dollar fine for contempt of court.—Detroit Free Press.



The Latest Married One—I never heard of such trouble as I have had with my servants. They are so stupid.

The Experienced One—Don't talk to me! The other day I sent Patrick out for two eggplants; he came back with two hens!—Scribner's Magazine.

Sound Advice.

A sensible bit of advice was given by a colored man not long ago to a quarrelsome friend. It was in a brickyard, and two of the workmen had a dispute which ended in blows.

In the skirmish one of them was hurt, and the employer, who saw the end of the fight, and was a man of more temper than discretion, advised him to get a warrant for the other's arrest.

While the matter was under discussion, a colored man who had seen the whole affair made his way to the injured party and said:

"You don't want 't get no warrant, Jim? You get yourself two pieces of plaster, good big ones, an put one piece on yo' head an the oder on yo' mouf, an you'll be all right!"—Youth's Companion.

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J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay-st., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery to consume, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cooks-port, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Trial bottles 10 cents at Peck Bros' drug-store. Large bottles, 50c and \$1.00.

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